

I have no reason to be ashamed of it. I wished him to help me. I believed that if I had an interview I could gain his help, so I asked him to meet me.

"But why at such an hour?"

"Because I had only just learned that he was going to London next day and might be away for months. There were reasons why I could not get there earlier."

"But why a rendezvous in the garden instead of a visit to the house?"

"Do you think a woman could go alone at that hour to a bachelor's house?"

"Well, what happened when you did get there?"

"I never went."

"Mrs. Lyons!"

"No, I went to you on all I hold sacred. I never went. Something intervened to prevent my going."

"What was that?"

"That is a private matter. I cannot tell it."

"You acknowledge, then, that you made an appointment with Sir Charles at the very hour and place at which he met his death, but you deny that you kept the appointment?"

"That is the truth."

"Again and again I cross-questioned her, but I could never get past that point."

"Mrs. Lyons," said I, as I rose from this long and inconclusive interview, "you are taking a very great responsibility and putting yourself in a very false position by not making an absolutely clean breast of all that you know. If I have to call in the aid of the police you will find how seriously you are compromised. If your position is innocent, why did you in the first instance deny having written to Sir Charles upon that date?"

"Because I feared that some false conclusion might be drawn from it, and that I might find myself involved in a scandal."

"And why were you so pressing that Sir Charles should destroy your letter?"

"If you have read the letter you will know."

"I did not say that I had read all the letter."

"You quoted some of it."

"I quoted the postscript. The letter had, as I said, been burned and it was not all legible. I ask you once again why it was that you were so pressing that Sir Charles should destroy this letter which he received on the day of his death."

"The matter is a very private one."

"The more reason why you avoid a public investigation."

"I will tell you, then. If you have heard anything of my unhappy history you will know that I made a rash marriage and had reason to regret it."

"I have heard so much."

"My life has been one incessant persecution from a husband whom I abhor. The law is his side, and every day I am faced by the possibility that he may force me to live with him. At the time that I wrote this letter to Sir Charles I had learned that there was a prospect of my regaining my freedom if certain expenses could be met. I meant everything to me—peace of mind, happiness, self-respect, everything. I knew that Sir Charles' generosity, and I thought that if he heard the story from my own lips he would help me."

"Then how is it that you did not go?"

"Because I received help in the interval from another source."

"Why, then, did you not write to Sir Charles and explain this?"

"So I should have done had I not seen his death in the paper next morning."

"The woman's story hung coherently together, and all my questions were unable to shake it. I could only check it by finding if she had, indeed, instituted divorce proceedings against her husband at or about the time of the tragedy."

It was unlikely that she would dare to say that she had not been to Baskerville Hall if she really had been, for a trap would be necessary to take her there, and could not be set until the early hours of the morning. Such an excursion could not be kept secret. The probability was, therefore, that she was telling the truth, or, at least, a part of the truth. I came away baffled and disheartened. Once again I had reached that dead wall which seemed to be built across every path by which I tried to get at the object of my mission. And yet, I thought, if I thought of the lady's face and of her manner the more I felt that something was being held back from me. Why should she turn so pale? Why should she fight against every admission until it was forced from her? Why should she have been so reticent at the time of the tragedy? Surely the explanation of all this could not be as innocent as she would have me believe. For the moment I could proceed no further in that direction, but must turn back to that other clue which was to be sought for among the stone huts upon the moor.

And that was a most vague direction. I realized that as I drove back and noted how hill after hill showed traces of the ancient people, Barrymore's only indication had been that the stranger lived in one of these abandoned huts, and many hundreds of them are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the moor. But I had my own experience for a guide since it had shown me the man himself standing upon the summit of the Black Tor. That, I thought, if I should enter of my search. From there I should explore every hut upon the moor until I lighted upon the right one. If this man were inside it I should find out from his own lips the limit of my revelation necessary, who he was and why he had dogged us so long. He might slip away from us in the crowd of Regent street, but it would puzzle him to do so upon the lonely moor. On the other hand, if I should find the hut and its tenant should not be within it I must remain there, however long the vigil, until he returned. Holmes had missed him in London. It would, indeed, be a triumph for me if I run him to earth, where my master had failed.

Luck had been against us again and again in this inquiry, but now at last it came to my aid. And the messenger of good fortune was none other than Mr. Frankland, who was standing gray-whiskered and red-faced, outside the gate of his garden, which opened on to the high road along which I traveled.

"Good-day, Dr. Watson," cried he, with unwonted good humor, "you must really give your horses a rest, and come in to have a glass of wine and to congratulate me."

My feelings towards him were far from being friendly after what I had heard of his treatment of his daughter, but I was anxious to send Perkins and the wagonette home, and the opportunity was a good one. I alighted and sent a message to Sir Henry that I should walk over in time for dinner. Then I followed Frankland into his dining room.

"It is a great day for me, sir—one of the red-letter days of my life," he cried, with many chuckles. "I have brought off a double event. I mean to teach them in these parts that law is law, and that there is a man here who does not fear to invoke it. I have established a right of way through the center of old Middlemore's park, slap across it, sir, within a hundred yards of his own front door. What do you say to that?"

"We'll teach these magnates that they cannot ride rough shod over the rights of the commoners, confound them! And I've closed the wood where the Fernworthy folk used to picnic. These infernal people seem to think that there are no rights of property, and that they can swarm where they like with their papers and their bottles. Both cases decided, Dr. Watson, and both in my favor. I haven't had

such a day since I had Sir John Morland for trespass, because he shot in his own wren."

"How on earth did you do that?"

"Look it up in the books, sir. It will repay reading—Franklin vs. Morland, Court of Queen's Bench. It cost me £200, but I got my verdict."

"Did it do you any good?"

"None, sir, none. I am proud to say that I had no interest in the matter. I act entirely from a sense of public duty. I have no doubt, for example, that the Fernworthy people will burn me in effigy tonight. I told the police last time they did it that they should stop these disgraceful exhibitions. The country constabulary is in a scandalous state, sir, and it has not afforded me the protection to which I am entitled. The case of Frankland vs. Regina will bring the matter before the attention of the public. I told them that they would have occasion to regret their treatment of me, and already my words have come true."

"How so?" I asked.

The old man put on a very knowing expression.

"Because I could tell them what they are dying to know, but nothing would induce me to help the rascals in any way."

I had been casting round for some excuse by which I could get away from his good, but now I began to wish to hear more of it. I had seen enough of the contrary nature of the old sinner to understand that any strong sign of interest would be the surest way to stop his confidences.

"Some poaching case, no doubt?" said I, with an indifferent manner.

"Ha, ha, my boy, a very much more important matter than that! What about the convict on the moor?"

I started. "You don't mean that you know where he is?" said I.

"I may not know exactly where he is, but I am quite sure that I could help the police to lay their hands on him. Has it never struck you that the way to catch that man was to find out where he got his food, and so trace it to him?"

He certainly seemed to be getting uncomfortably near the truth.

"Doubt," said I; "but how do you know that he is anywhere upon the moor?"

"I know it because I have seen with my own eyes the messenger who takes him his food."

My heart sank for Barrymore. It was a serious thing to be in the power of this spiteful old busybody. But his next remark took a weight from my mind.

"You'll be surprised to hear that his food is taken to him by a child. I see him every day through my telescope upon the roof. He passes along the same path at the same hour, and to whom should he be going except to the convict?"

Here was luck indeed! And yet I suppressed all appearance of interest. Barrymore had said that our unknown was supplied by a boy. It was on his track, and not upon the convict's, that Frankland had stumbled. If I could get his knowledge it might make me a long and weary hunt. But I knew that I was not alone. I was evidently my strongest card.

"I should say that it was much more likely that it was the son of one of the moorland shepherds taking out his father's dog."

The least appearance of opposition struck fire out of the old autocrat. His eyes looked malignantly at me, and his gray whiskers bristled like those of an angry cat.

"Indeed, sir!" said he, pointing out over the wide-stretching moor. "Do you see that Black Tor over yonder? Well, do you see the low hill beyond the thornbush upon it? It is the stoniest part of the whole moor. Is that a place where a shepherd would be likely to take his station? Your suggestion, sir, is a most absurd one."

I meekly answered that I had spoken without knowing all the facts. My submission pleased him and led him to further confidences.

"You may be sure, sir, that I have very good grounds before I come to an opinion. I have seen the boy again and again with his bundle. Every day, and sometimes twice a day, I have been able to wait a moment, Dr. Watson. Do my eyes deceive me, or is there at the present moment something moving upon that hillside?"

It was several miles off, but I could distinctly see a small dark dot against the dull green and gray.

"Come, sir, come!" cried Frankland, rushing upstairs. "You will see with your own eyes and judge for yourself."

The telescope, a formidable instrument mounted upon a tripod, stood upon the flat leads of the house. Frankland clapped his eye to it and gave a cry of satisfaction.

"Quick, Dr. Watson, quick, before he passes over the hill!"

There he was, sure enough, a small urchin with a little bundle upon his shoulder, toiling slowly up the hill. When he reached the top I saw the ragged, uncouth figure outlined for an instant against the cold blue sky. He looked round him, with a furtive and stealthy air, as one who dreads pursuit. Then he vanished over the hill.

"Well, Am I right?"

"Certainly, there is a boy who seems to have some secret errand."

"And what the errand is even a county constable could guess. But not one word to me, I beg of you, sir, and I bind you to secrecy also, Dr. Watson. Not a word! You understand?"

"Just as you wish."

"They have treated me shamefully—unjustly. When the facts come out in Regina vs. Regina I venture to think that a thrill of indignation will run through the country. Nothing would induce me to help the police in any way. For all they cared it might have been me, instead of my effigy, which these rascals burned at the stake. Surely you are not going! You will help me to empty the decanter in honor of this great occasion!"

But I resisted all his solicitations and succeeded in dissuading him from his announced intention of walking home with me. I kept the road as long as his eye was on me, and then I struck off across the moor and made for the stony hill over which the boy had disappeared. Everything was working in my favor, and I swore that it should not be through lack of energy or perseverance that I should miss the chance which Fortune had thrown in my way. The sun was already sinking when I reached the summit of the hill, and the long slopes beneath me were all golden-green on one side and gray shadow on the other. A haze lay low upon the farthest sky line, out of which jutted the fantastic shapes of Belliver and Vixen Tor. Over the wide expanse there was no sound and no movement. One great gray bird, a gull or curlew, soared aloft in the blue heavens, and I found it to be the only living thing between the huge arch of the sky and the desert beneath it. The barren scene, the sense of loneliness, and the mystery and urgency of my task all struck a chill into my heart. The boy was nowhere to be seen. But down beneath me, in a cleft of the hills there was a circle of the old stone huts, and in the middle of them there was one which retained sufficient roof to act as a screen against the weather. My heart leaped within me as I saw it. This must be the burrow where the stranger lurked. At last my foot was on the threshold of his hiding place—his secret was within my grasp.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

#### COLORADO SPRINGS EXCURSION.

Via O. S. L. and U. P. Railways.  
Round trip only \$20.00. Tickets sold Oct. 2 to 8. For particulars, see O. S. L. city office, 201 Main st.

# WALKER'S STORE.

## One Oriental You Should Know—But We'll Introduce You to Many.

### Navajo Blankets, Carpets, Drapery News.

The one Oriental you should see, even though you don't want to possess it, is here on show as a rare gem might be—for its authenticity and distinctive beauty. Every thread is silk, rich Persian in coloring—soft old blue with medallion in the center and border of mellow-toned pinks, but description is confusing, come see it. The value is \$1,000, though only \$750.00 is asked. Other Orientals, however, are here we would have you see. All have been selected with expert care and the experience obtained through many years of exploiting. Hundreds of choice Kurdestans, Daghestans, Antiques, etc., in small rug sizes to largest made, priced \$10.00 to \$100.00, which is 25 per cent to 33 1/3 per cent under regular market value, because you have a commercial advantage in buying from a dry goods house.



### Navajo Blankets at 25c Under

#### Regular Value.

We bought at a quarter under market price and of course sell them so. But not only the exceptional price advantage is to be considered while this assembly is here, the absolute surety of getting genuine Navajo blankets is what makes them worthwhile. They came to us from an exploration company who make a business of going right into the Indian camps to select. Hundreds here to choose from in small and medium sizes at \$4.00 to \$40.00, and one extra large, 9x9 feet, \$150.00 value, reduced to—\$125.00.

### Handsome Carpets.

The fall and winter stock is now all collected and in place; the price hints which follow are merely a suggestion for you to come. No handsomer gathering has ever been here to greet you.

Beautiful Wiltons in the broadest possible variety of colorings and patterns—\$2.00 a yard.

Best made Axminsters—\$1.85 a yard.

Bigelow, Middlesex and Axminsters in ten choice patterns and colorings, \$1.75 a yard grade, selling at—\$1.50.

Highest grade Body Brussels—\$1.35 a yard.

The largest line of Velvet carpets we have ever shown at—\$1.25 a yard.

Tapestries at \$1.00, 85c and 60c a yard.

### New Lace Curtains, Portieres, Draperies.

Rare lace curtains imported in lavish variety, but whether expensive or inexpensive is wanted you'll find here a most comprehensive gathering.

Brussels net curtains in very new designs—\$5.00 to \$30.00.

Arabians from \$6.00 up to \$40.00.

Irish Point, \$2.50 to \$12.00.

Nottinghams, 75c to \$6.00.

And long lines of ruffled bobbinets and muslins, \$1.00 to \$10.00.

Latest in Tapestry Portieres with applique and lace borders, cord and fringe; dull finished silk and mercerized kinds, reversible or double faced, \$2.50 to \$25.00 a pair.

New China silks at 60c to 85c, and handsome tapestries at 45c to \$5.00 a yard.

A most interesting place just now is the Carpet Store.

## Amazing Under-price News of Silks and Dress Fabrics for Every Day This Week.

### Monday Only. Dress Patterns \$14.00, Should be \$25.00 to \$30.00

Fifty patterns, and none too many will that be for a day's selling. Each is an exclusive beauty in Voile, Eolian, Crepe and Mozambique; tan, gray, rose, reseda and fawn shades. Exquisite fabrics to make handsomest gowns. Reduced for Monday only from \$25.00 and \$30.00 the pattern to—\$14.00.

### Tuesday Only. \$1.40 to \$2.75 Waist Silks—75c.

One thousand yards. And a splendid medley has been selected from a mammoth stock that will include many of the most wanted shades and weaves. \$1.40 a yard quality and up to \$2.75, Tuesday only—75c.

### Wednesday Only. Black Lace Robes \$23.00, Should be \$50.00.

Ten handsome black lace robes; pure silk lace, entirely new in design, here scarcely a month, fashionably trimmed with applique, the waist, sleeves, skirt shaped and ready to put on lining. Should be \$50.00, one day—\$23.00.

### Thursday Only. \$1.00 Silk Stripe Challis—50c.

Five hundred yards of choice styles for kimono, coffee jackets, dresses and shirt waists. French challis, the very best made, and \$1.00 a yard quality, one day—50c.

### Friday Only. \$1.25 Silk Moire Velour—69c.

Cream and ivory tints. For dainty theatre waist nothing is richer or more elegant than silk moire velour. It is used effectively, too, for trimming. One day only, the \$1.25 a yard quality—69c.

### Saturday Only. 65c Wool Etamine—40c.

Splendid wool etamine, 40 inches wide, in all leading shades of the season, Saturday morning until closing time at night, instead of 65c a yard—40c.

### Continuation of the Great Black Silk Sale.

The blessings began to brighten as the week waned and time for the flight of this sale approached. During the last days the enthusiasm waxed warm and some could not quite see why a few days' respite shouldn't be given for planning a gown or talking it over with the modiste. The store belongs to its patrons. Sale all this week again. And, not egotism or bragadocio is it when we say to you go into all the markets of the world and better silks you cannot find. Entire stock—these grand old names tell you how splendid is the opportunity—Bonnet, L. D. Brown, Mellon, Font, Phalanx, Grimshaw and some others, makers of richest black silks, Beau de Cygne, Beau de Soie, Moire Velour Moire Renaissance and Taffetas, at a reduction of—

15c up to 75c Off Every Yard.

### An Extraordinary Offer of Table Linen Remnants and Napkins.

A wonderfully fine opportunity to replenish the linen closet with a year's needs at least. Our entire stock of last season's table linens—and they are just as good in quality as the ones of this—has been cut into remnants to make quick clearance of all. Superb linens, the world's best, perfectly bleached, exquisitely fine. Remnants range from one to five yards and \$1.00 to \$4.95 the piece, which is 25 to 40 per cent under regular price.

The napkins are in odd half dozens, but in some a whole dozen or perhaps eight—may be matched up. Commencing Monday following are the prices, which is half price for many.

Full bleached napkins, half dozen for—29c. Half dozen for—\$1.50. Half dozen for—70c. Half dozen for—\$2.50. Half dozen for—\$1.25.

### Good Towels Price Lowered.

Twelve hundred splendid Hucknaback towels—even that number has been known to go out of here in mighty haste, but possibly these may last the week through—beetle pattern design, large size, heavy; 12 1/2 regular for—85c. Snowy white Turkish towels, large and heavy, 25c kind reduced to—20c.

### Up to 85c a yard French Flannels—35c.

### Eiderdowns Reduced.

A goodly lot of French flannels—Persian effects, stripes and plain colors, will make into attractive shirt waists, kimono and wrappers, qualities that sold at 45c, 50c to 85c a yard, commencing Monday—35c. Eiderdowns for baby coats, carriage robes, women's house jackets, kimono, etc., 30-inch wide goods in red, green, blue, gray and tan colors, commencing Monday the 50c a yard for—40c; the 75c for—65c; the \$1.00 and \$1.25 for—85c.

### Smelling Salts; Glycerine.

Tappen's Smelling Salts, aromatic, strong, pretty bottle with metal cap to prevent evaporation; convenient size for the pocket. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, instead of 25c—16c. Toilet Glycerine—a combination in proper proportions of pure glycerine and rose water, three days, 25c bottles—16c.

### Imitation Torchon Lace, Velvet Ribbon, Braids.

Dainty imitation torchon lace, edgings and insertion one to two inches wide, in broadest kind of variety and sold regularly at 5c to 10c a yard—3c. Narrow velvet ribbon, satin back, blue, brown and tan colors only, sold originally at 65c to \$1.00 a bolt, because of limited color variety reduced for clearance to—25c. Narrow velvet ribbon with satin back, unfinished edges, black and pink only, instead of 25c to—14c.

Braids in silk and tinsel mixed effects, fancy silk and chenille, also tiny ribbon ruching in brown, green, white, yellow and light blue, all desirable for trimming and originally 15c to 35c a yard, Monday and week—1c, 2c and 3c a yard.

### Handkerchiefs and Ties.

Women's pretty swiss handkerchiefs with scalloped borders, 20c each kind, Monday and the week—13c. Children's handkerchiefs in plain white and with colored borders—3c each. Women's twice around silk ties, a variety of colors reduced from 25c each to—10c.

### In the Needlework Store.

All the pillow shams did not go away during Friday and Saturday, so sale is continued this week. Made of fine swiss with two rows of pretty lace insertion, hemstitched borders, good size. As we told you, they were intended to sell at \$2.00 a pair, but being a special lot—\$1.10.

A lot of thirty-five tinted cushion covers, pretty floral and poster designs, 75c quality for—49c. Dozens of pretty little baskets are here that must be cleared away. Spool baskets, work baskets or may be for some other uses, made of sweet grass and chip, the 50c kinds—25c; the 13c for—8c.

### Women's "Monarch" Gloves that Should be \$2.00 for \$1.45.

This sale of real Monarch gloves began two days ago, but in making a careful search of the stock more broken lines were discovered, so as good a sale as in the beginning for this week. Black, red, white, brown, tan, in sizes 5 1/2 to 7 1/2 in something, commencing Monday, instead of \$2.00—\$1.45.

### Women's Petticoats and Outing Flannel Night Dresses.

Women's petticoats made of mercerized black sateen, with deep flounce, that has narrow accordion ruffle on edge and dust ruffle—65c. Some outing flannel night dresses, plain color and tiny stripes, yokes and sleeves neatly finished with braid; good \$1.50 quality, commencing Monday—\$1.00.